Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1916 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

MESSAGES

★

We speed them over the land.
  Illimitably along.
We breathe them under the sea,
  By our cables dark and strong.
We hurl them into the air,
  From shore unto farthest shore,
And soon from mind to quivering mind,
  We yet shall wing them o'er!

And then shall a thousand miles
  Indeed be shorn of its strength,
And God not seem denied
  By the breadth of space and the length.
For if our spirits may fling
  Their power and thought afar,
His soul, it may be, to infinity
  May spring, from star to star.

—*Cale Young Rice.*

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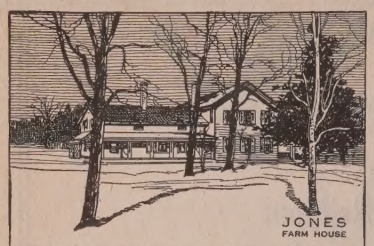
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO



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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1916. NUMBER 21

THE PRAYER-LADY.

(Lines written on seeing a lady kneeling in silent prayer when the meeting of the Union of Democratic Control was stormed by a military mob in the Memorial Hall, London, November 29, 1915.)

Yes, lady, pray,—for peace where war is hurl'd;
  But more for this heart-breaking, senseless crew;
Still more for Britain and the frenzied world;
  And most for Freedom, whom tonight they slew.

Hark! now they sing, "Britannia rules the waves!"
  For lo! they've stormed the platform of free men
And women: "Britons never shall be slaves!"
  But HOW slaves? or HOW free? is past their ken.

And now the Anzacs' motto they display
  In blood-red letters—"Vict'ry before peace!"
For "Vict'ry" they will still be slain and slay,
  Nor ask, "WHAT'S vict'ry?" ere the carnage cease.

And now a feebler strain, "God save the king!"
  Amen—and Kaiser, President, and Tsar;
God save from pride, blood-guilt, and lies which fling
  The reek of hell o'er the red earth afar.

So, lady, pray, till the white flag's unfurl'd;
  More for these blind who know not what they do;
Yet more for Britain, and the bleeding world;
  But most for Freedom, whom tonight they slew.

—*W.*

We begin this week the publication of a series of seven sermon-studies of Shakespearian Women by the Rev. Alexander Webster, of Aberdeen, Scotland. He is a noble preacher who can command the permanent things in literature and life to do service in the pressing issues of the day. We bespeak the interest of our readers in these scholarly productions. The series will be as follows: 1. The Woman's Question as Presented by Shakespeare. 2. The Woman's Word. 3. "A Woman Impudent and Mannish Grown." 4. Shakespeare and Sex. 5. Shakespeare's Incapable and False Women. 6. The Harmful Ignorance. 7. "The Footpath Way, a Shakespearian Sermon."

Music lovers everywhere will be interested in the news that the great Ignace Paderewski is about to return to the concert stage. The interest becomes world-wide when it is learned that this wonderful artist has not only stripped himself already of the golden harvests reaped by the power of his genius, but that his future earnings are to be devoted to the help of his fellow countrymen of poor little Poland. He will speak for those whose misfortunes have reached a point very nearly approaching hopelessness, through the magic of his wonderful fingers, and is also advertised to make an address at each concert urging the needs of his Polish brethren.

That other great artist, Josef Hoffman, is proud of his Polish blood and full of keen sympathy for those of his own race, though he naturally looks at the matter from a different standpoint. In another part of this issue we reprint a letter written by him and published in *Free Poland,* together with editorial comments thereon. A. L. K.

The political "bosses" who have no time "to waste" in reading woman's suffrage literature, might find it worth while to consider whether there is not food for thought in some figures compiled and vouched for by the *Woman's Journal.* The claim is there made that the number of available women's votes in twenty-one states alone now reaches the number of 6,511,595, which is an excess over the 6,293,019 votes received by President Wilson at the time of his election from the entire United States. Moreover, in the late suffrage campaign in the states of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, though that campaign resulted in temporary defeat to this cause, more ballots were polled in favor of woman's suffrage than either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft succeeded in securing from those states when candidates, and the vote for President Wilson in these four states only exceeded the total of 1,225,621, shown on the final official count, by 177,170. It certainly begins to look as though the demand of the women for political recognition was a factor worth reckoning with in this country.

One thing the Ford Peace Ship has brought home to us is the utter unreliability of the daily newspapers. Even the editorial pages have not escaped from falsehood and stupid misrepresentation. Is it not a pity that we hear on all sides, "I can't vouch for that; I saw it in the newspaper," and "Of course one can't believe what one sees in the newspapers any more?" What is the matter with our newspapers? Are they misnamed? Are they merely vehicles for disagreeable, dangerous gossip dealing in sensationalism? People are getting very tired of this daily mess of chaff and falsehood. Club women here and there are starting, and talking of starting, reliable newspapers. As it is, for reliable information we must turn to the little papers whose yearly deficit is made up by people who are willing to pay for the truth and send afar for the two or three daily papers whose owners are trying to maintain the honor of journalism. Let the

newspapers reform or take warning from the fate of the saloons. There was a time when the saloons might have reformed, a time when no one but missionaries thought we could get along without them. They preferred to coin money fast and joined hands with vice and crime, and behold, the people have become tired, substitutes are being formed in Social Centers and Field Houses and the saloon is going. We can't get along without the newspapers, the places wherein truth and information should meet, be attractively clothed and sent to every home; but we will find substitutes for the subsidized press, for people are very tired of the misinformation and falsehoods too often served by it. O. C. S.

One of the interesting things about the Senior Editor's absence in Europe has been the keen delight different persons have taken in keeping going UNITY, the Church and the Centre. It was the only way of showing belief in the venture and approval of the daring that risked the dangers of the seas, the ridicule and ill report of people at home. Even were it a forlorn hope—if it does not end the war one hour sooner—all honor to those who dare to stand up and stand out and call a halt here, and in Europe, to the preparation for war, and the war itself, that reckons the sons of women to be merely food for fish and fertilizer for the forests and fields of Europe. What will this war benefit anyone, no matter how it ends, except that the fields of Belgium, France, Servia and Galicia have been enriched by the bodies of men and boys? Was it for that they were born, for that they came into the world out of the lap of Infinity? After all this horror in Europe men and women in the United States are frantic in their demands for preparedness to send more sons to death. To us has been entrusted a precious service for humanity, to establish democracy, to make a nation out of many peoples, to lead the way for the federation of Europe, to make room for the citizens of the world. Democracy will be established, the federation of the world will come, but they who lead, they who believe it possible, will not shoot democracy into their fellow men, or break down natural hate by poisonous gas or radium waves. Let us by all means prepare, not to make war, but in all humility to be worthy of our high calling. We have been chosen among all nations to serve humanity, to hasten the day of human brotherhood. Woe be unto us if we are puffed up in pride of our wealth, our accomplishments, and seek to serve ourselves, mistaking the citizens in power in the United States for humanity. Other nations have been called, weighed, found wanting and cast aside. Nations survive only as they serve humanity. Above *All* Nations is Humanity!

O. C. S.

Welcome to a New Magazine

Among the exchanges that have come to UNITY's desk in the first month of the new year, is one whose outward appearance will entitle it to take rank with the many other periodicals which justly take pride in the workmanship of their output. It is the initial number of *The Journal of Negro History,* edited by Carter G. Woodson, to be issued quarterly by "The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History," from 2223 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C. Our Dr. George C. Hall of Chicago is president of that association, Jesse E. Moorland is secretary-treasurer and Mr. Woodson, director of research and editor.

This new aspirant for public hearing makes a strong bid at the outset for a place among current literature of a high order, as is evidenced by the names and titles of articles appearing in the table of contents, among the former of which we find Carter G. Woodson, the author of that scholarly and illuminating book, "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861," W. B. Hartgrove, A. O. Stafford and others.

The object to be attained by this publication is stated in the foreword of the magazine to be as follows:

A NEGLECTED WORK.

It is a reflection on Americans that practically nothing has been done to save and publish the records of the Negro race. Several feeble efforts have been made in this field, but the meager collections thus obtained have been hidden away or kept as treasures accessible to the favored few. Excepting what can be learned from current controversial literature, which either portrays the Negro as a persecuted saint or brands him as a leper of society, the people of this age are getting no information to show what the Negro has thought, and felt, and done. The Negro, therefore, is in danger of becoming a negligible factor in the thought of the world. In centuries to come when scholars, after forgetting the prejudices of this age, will begin to make researches for the whole truth, they will have only one side of the question, if the Negro does not leave something to tell his own story.

On September 9, 1915, a number of persons, seeing this need and willing to assume the financial burden of starting the movement, met in Chicago and organized "The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History." The aim of the association is to raise funds to employ several investigators to collect all historical and sociological material bearing on the Negro, before it is lost to the world.

The publication of the *Journal of Negro History* is not an end in itself. Through this medium we can, by publishing documents, popularize the movement of unearthing the Negro and his contributions to civilization. Our purpose, then, is not to drift into the discussion of the Negro problem. We shall aim to publish facts believing that facts properly set forth will speak for themselves.

UNITY extends a hearty welcome to this newcomer into the field. The effort is unique. Its supporters will surely find that they will meet plenty of hard work, discouragement and even prejudice, but the object aimed at will surely justify the facing of such obstacles with high faith and courage. In all its ambitions and struggles *The Journal of Negro History* will carry the Godspeed of UNITY. A. L. K.

A Letter from Josef Hoffman

We have received the following communication from Mr. Josef Hoffman, the famous Polish pianist:

Before we can talk of a Free Poland we must have a liberated Poland, free from all bonds and servitude and from every kind of foreign influence. The German military occupation provisional government on Prussian lines of administration does not mean liberation, though it must be conceded that a great step has been taken inasmuch as the use of the Polish language has been officially sanctioned. The compulsory Germanization of the Poles in the province of Posen and in Prussian Silesia, and the expropriation bill have been keenly resented by the Poles, who were naturally tempted to compare the harsh treatment of their countrymen at the hands of Prussian officials with the liberal and just regime which they enjoyed in Austria. Piotrkow and Lodz are neighboring towns. The former is under Austro-Hungarian military administration, whereas Lodz is under the German military administration. There is a striking difference between the two. Pitrkow shows the distinctive signs of a thoroughly Polish city, one might almost say that it is a picture of Polish resurrection; though the people of Lodz are thankful for the departure of the Russian oppressors, they nevertheless realize that with the advent of a German military government their city has not acquired the truly Polish character for which they long. In Piotrkow the volunteers of the Polish Legions and the Uhlans, chiefly recruited from Polish districts and wearing the uniform similar to the Polish national costume, did not enter the city as foreigners, nay, they were welcomed as brethren. In Lodz the German soldiers, though welcomed, were nevertheless strangers before whom the native population had a sort of fearful respect. We Poles believe that we are right when asserting that neither Russia nor Germany favor the creation of a new kingdom of Poland. Austria-Hungary alone has officially approved the liberation of Poland; in the orders of the day to the Polish Legions the formation of an independent Poland has already been foreseen. The settlement of the Polish question will probably cause some friction between the Central Powers, and the Poles will then have the first opportunity to display their ability as a free people. The tokens of sincere friendship received from Austria-Hungary during a period of sixty years have created such a feeling of confidence among the Poles that they will support proposals emanating from Austria-Hungary rather than from any other nation.

He who has had an opportunity to compare conditions in Russian, Prussian and Austrian Poland will certainly agree with me. Any authority on the subject will admit that the Poles have nowhere had such opportunities of national, cultural and economic development as in Galicia. The administration of that country has always been entrusted to Poles, and besides, the government has always invited the co-operation of the "Kolo Polskie" (Polish National Council).

Galicia is the only country with Polish colleges, high schools and universities. The Polish language is used in official intercourse; it is also the language used throughout the country for private and business purposes.

"Nomen atque omen," the periodical *Free Poland*, stands for the freedom of all Poles, and we who hail from Galicia are certainly as much concerned in the matter as our Polish brethren from other quarters. We are however, compelled, in justice to the efforts of the Austro-Hungarian government to recognize that Poland has to thank it for the preservation of the Polish language and other national institutions. Inasmuch as the Poles have to look for a kind understanding and the advancement of their national cause in foreign quarters, Austria is undoubtedly the country on which they should concentrate their hopes.

The above represents Mr. Josef Hoffman's views on the Polish Question. Hereafter we shall not publish articles which favor a foreign potentate and point to him as the future savior of Poland. We repeat, we are neither "Austrophile" (in which spirit Mr. Hoffman's communication is written), nor "Germanophile," nor "Russophile." We are devoted to telling the truth about Poland and her people and simply insist on the necessity of Poland's independence as one of the strongest guarantees of European peace.

Free Poland.

The Machine

My friend, Dr. Henry M. Alden, editor Harper's, has given us in a recent number of the magazine a most suggestive "Study." Dr. Alden's power of analysis and correllation, and his gift of beauty and lucidity in style, make him one of our American teachers; and in this "Study" he throws the light of his experience and thought upon the great social problem of our times.

He says: "We seem to have committed ourselves to a vast and soulless mechanical scheme."

"The most definite outward symbol of human progress is the Machine."

"Nothing is more directly associated with spiritual dynamics than mechanics."

He is filled with sorrow at "the exploitation of humanity," and affirms that progress shall find its largest amplitude only when "it is of the whole and for the whole."

He is hopeful, optimistic: "The *soulless* machine stands out in bold contrast to the *soulful* mission."

But has the machine lightened the toil of the common people—men, women and children? John Stuart Mill in his closing years said that he doubted whether all the mechanical inventions of his time had lightened the toil of any human being.

This is extreme, for Dr. Alden has shown what the Machine has done in art, literature, photography, the telephone, the moving picture, and in other things, helping the plain people in hundreds of ways.

But may it not be said that the Machine has segregated us into classes, castes, the rich, the bourgeois, and the wage-earners—deepening the gulfs of separation? Has not the Machine made it possible for the parasitic class, the capitalists who, with few exceptions, do not contribute anything to the production of the wealth they possess, to use, to exploit the intelligence and ingenuity of the bourgeois class, and the manual labor of the wage-earners, to pile up their enormous fortunes? For example, nine men own the greater part of the city of London, and in America a dozen men control the great industries of the world. Those who create the wealth get the least.

Why should not rather the Machine remove the necessity for poverty and excessive toil?

Dr. Alden says that "Social justice will come only through a solidly collective public opinion."

That will take a long time. But if a few wise and brave men should organize in every center, and insist that the people should have the opportunity to be free, happy and beautiful, the good times would soon come. The way is to socialize and humanize the Machine, and thus socialize and humanize the human heart.

The Machine makes enough of necessities, comforts and luxuries to go round, and we should see that they do go round.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

WAR.

I shook the throne of God with my two hands
And beat upon the doors of Life incessantly;
I laughed when angels sang; and plucked their wings
Bare of their boasted brooding o'er the world.
I sang when pain was at its deepest height
Nor ceased till all the heavens filled with noise—
Noise—noise—from center fires inbred in hell,
Whose lava licked the last event of love
And strewed its ashes on the sanity of stars.

—HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Henry Ford and His Mission of Peace

A Discourse at Temple Keneseth Israel, By Rabbi Jos. Krauskopf, D. D., Philadelphia, December 19, 1915

From the port of New York there sailed yesterday two weeks ago the Scandinavian-American liner "Oscar II," with a party aboard that attracted wider attention than any that has sailed since the day of the sinking of the "Titanic" and "Lusitania." Scarcely a member of that party but that his or her name was heralded to the world with accompaniments of ridicule. Most conspicuous among the derided stood forth the leader of the party, Mr. Henry Ford of Detroit, manufacturer of the widest known and largest introduced automobile in the world. Fools, idiots, cranks, freaks, clowns, meddlers, blatherskites, were some of the least offensive epithets that were hurled at the passengers of that ship. Scarcely a person one met but the question was asked: "What do you think of Ford and his fellow-fools?" And scarcely one but made the prediction that the ocean journey would dampen their ardor, would salt down their freshness in matters diplomatic, that they will return considerably wiser than they were when they started.

What had that party done to have deserved such widespread ridicule? What egregious blunder were they about to commit to have merited such unqualified prophecies of hopeless failure?

The journey across the sea of Henry Ford and his party had its origin in the belief that human nature is better than it is credited to be, that the various European belligerent nations had blundered into this present world-war, that it had proved far more calamitous to all of them than had ever been thought possible, that all of them are sick of the slaughter and devastation and ruinous costs, and would gladly avail themselves of any friendly hand extended to pull them out of the misery into which they had permitted envy, greed, hatred and revenge to cast them. That thought first took root in the mind of Henry Ford, and he conceived the plan of gathering around him a number of people of like belief, and meet in one of the neutral countries abroad a number of parties of like purpose, and with them discuss the best possible means of aiding the belligerents in finding a way by which these holocausts of human lives might be ended, without sacrifice of national honor.

Making his purpose known, he found a considerable number of people ready to join him on his Mission of Peace, and, having ample means at his disposal, he chartered the "Oscar II" to convey them, free of all cost to them, across the sea. Scanning the names of the Ford party, we find among them some of the foremost of our preachers and reformers, a number of prominent educators and journalists, a governor and a lieutenant-governor, a widely and favorably known judge, a publisher, a lecturer, several distinguished women, and others of like character. We are also told that our former Secretary of State, Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, and Mr. Thomas A. Edison, one of the greatest inventors of our age, and Mr. Luther Burbank, the greatest plant-wizard of all ages, and Mr. John Wanamaker, regarded the greatest merchant of the world, would have gladly accompanied Mr. Ford had time and circumstances permitted, and that other men of light and leading would have joined the party, had the call been extended to them.

Not one of these people has hitherto been regarded a fool or crank or notoriety seeker. Not one who has ever seen the vast enterprise which Mr. Ford has built up in Detroit, and in other cities, who knows of the wise provisions he has made for the benefit of his employes, or who knows of the influence for good exercised in San Francisco and Chicago by the Reverends Aked and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, or of the reforms in Juvenile Courts instituted by Judge Ben Lindsay, had ever dreamed, up to two weeks ago, yesterday, of associating the terms idiot, freak, blatherskite, with these distinguished names.

What happened to these men, and to the others of their party, on that Saturday? Had they suddenly lost their minds in determining to go abroad, there to exert their utmost in restoring peace among those engaged in cruel war?

There is no escape, it is claimed, from arriving at any other conclusion than that these people are either suffering from mental aberration, or that they are hopelessly ignorant of the insurmountable obstacles in their way. What better proof of their madness than their talking of getting soldiers out of the trenches, without the slightest chance of getting within miles of them, their talking of pleading with Emperors and Czars and Kings, without the remotest possibility of getting near these personages, their talking of getting statesmen to accede to their request, when even Kings and Presidents and Statesmen of neutral nations, with all the prestige at their command, dare not, as yet, propose mediation, for fear of giving offense! What else, therefore, is this sailing of the Ford Peace Apostles, they say, than another instance of "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread!"

In all probability, there is not the slightest chance of the Ford party attaining the end they devoutly seek. There is every likelihood of their returning as void of success as Miss Jane Addams and her party returned, some time ago, from a like mission. And there is every reason to believe that most of these Peace Apostles themselves are as hopeless of the success of their mission as are the critics of it.

Even if there had been a ray of hope, it would have been extinguished by the ridicule which our own press and people heaped upon the undertaking. How is it to be expected that royalty or statesmen or parliaments shall treat with consideration a body of people whom we ourselves treat as buffoons? How is it to be expected that the press of foreign lands shall treat seriously those whom our own press discredits?

Had we said to these people: "The mission on which you are bent is a noble one and deserving of success. We fear, as undobtedly you yourselves do, that there is little hope of success; yet, small as the hope, it is worth trying, and our prayers will accompany you that God, whose thoughts are not our thoughts, and whose ways are not our ways, may magnify that little hope into an ultimate triumph;" had we entreated the foreign governments to give the people the consideration their unselfish and benevolent mission deserves, and to grant them at least a hearing; had we said to Mr. Ford: "God bless you," as prayerfully as Mr. Edison said; had the mayors of other cities of our Union sent peace flags aboard the ship, accompanied by words of cheer and encouragement,

as ours did, thereby showing that the sentiment of the American people is back of any movement making toward restoring peace among warring nations, had this been done, the Ford Peace Apostles might have had, at least, a courteous reception and a sympathetic hearing.

The head and front of their offending, therefore, is their undertaking something that is certain to meet with failure. Is that an offense so culpable as to deserve the widespread condemnation and ridicule to which they have been subjected? Had men always refrained from entering upon reforms because the certainty of failure stared them in the face, a thousand blessings, ineradicably rooted today in civilized society, would still have been unknown, and mankind would have been the worse for the want of them. Had men always desisted from espousing the cause which their conscience urged them to do, because denounced as fools or threatened with punishment, the galaxy of the world's greatest heroes and benefactors would have been lacking today many of its most illustrious stars.

Fail they will, but no disgrace attaches to such failure as theirs. Their cause is right; their motive is unimpeachable. The time they give is all their own, and the money Mr. Ford expends has been honestly made, more honestly than that of many a critic of his who is a broker of war bonds or a maker of ammunition. It is quite likely that, had he used his money in buying war bonds, or in starting a plant for the manufacture of instruments of murder, he would have been lauded as much for his wisdom and patriotism, as he is now denounced for his lack of common sense, and for his want of the right kind of loyalty.

Yes, Mr. Ford and his party will fail, but there are failures that are first steps toward ultimate successes. There are failures that are like the quickening grain within the soil—the eye sees but disintegration and decay, but the germinating process is going on, and, anon, shoots forth blade and bud, flower and fruit. There are failures that are greater successes than certain loudest trumpeted achievements. I would a thousand times rather be a failure as a Peace Apostle, than the most brilliant success as an advocate of war, or as a maker of ammunition for personal gain. I would a thousand times rather be branded a fool in the serice of humanity than be hailed a hero for having shed rivers of blood.

And what real victory of righteousness has ever been won that has not had its root in failure? A thousand martyrs have often had to wear the crown of thorns before it was finally given to one man to wear the bays of victory. White-haired Telemachus had to rush into the arena and offer his own life to the wild beasts before the Romans would consent to renounce the bloody gladiatorial shows. Savonarola and John Huss and Jerome of Prague had to die at the stake as heretics before Luther could plead the cause of Reformation at Worms and escape alive. William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, had to be dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck, and John Brown, the widely and wildly denounced fool and madman, had to dangle from the gallows at Harper's Ferry before Lincoln could receive the plaudits of the nation at Appomattox. And Lincoln himself had to pour forth his heart's blood at Washington before our Union of States could become one and indissoluble. And notwithstanding that John Brown's body lay mouldering in the grave, his soul went marching on. His daring and his failure animated a thousand other men. Even so, despite the Ford Party's failure, their defeat will but animate other men, men profiting by the failures of the others. Their spirit will march on, till the welcome sound of peace will again reverberate throughout the lands, and the glory of having brought it about be some one's who may never even have heard of Henry Ford or any of his party.

It is not in what Mr. Ford is doing wherein his distinction—or, if you will, his madness—lies, but in that he is doing something, in his recognizing that something ought and must be done to end these horrors of war, that have rested as a nightmare on humanity during the past sixteen months. Were a thousand men in each of the neutral countries to do the same, the victory would be appreciably nearer. Were a million to do it, the victory would be assured. "*In magnis voluisse, sat est,*" "in great things even but to have wished to do the right, is quite sufficient," said a Latin writer. Mr. Ford does not content himself with mere wishing; he is doing, doing enough to attract the attention of the world, doing enough to be honored with the title of Fool, Crank, Notoriety-seeker, doing enough to make people think of better ways than his, of ways that shall ultimately meet with success.

It has pleased Lord Roseberry of England to refer sneeringly to Mr. Ford as "a maker of perambulators," implying thereby that the establishing of peace is a work for giants such as he, not for the pigmies of the perambulator-making class. But Lord Rosebery has apparently forgotten that some of the greatest leaders of men and greatest benefactors have not come from the parliaments nor universities, not from the military schools nor from the counting rooms. They have come from behind the plow or loom or furnace. It was not from the palaces that the prophets of Israel or the founders of Christianity came, but from the fields and workshops. It was not the mighty generals of King Saul that slew the giant Goliath, and routed the Philistines, but the shepherd-lad David, and he did it, not with the aid of military accoutrements, but with mere sling and pebble. Time and again God chose His men in His own way, and in His own time. It is, therefore, not for Lord Roseberry, or any other man, to declare that this or that man is not the chosen one. The chances are that, if "makers of perambulators" or other artisans had the power to establish peace between the warring nations, their work would be more just and more enduring than any that diplomats may or will patch up.

If a man feels himself called upon to do God's work, and starts doing it, ours is the duty not to halt him, but to aid and guide him all we can. If he is God's choice, his success will prove it. If he meets with failure, the failure, in the wisdom of God, may be the first stone in the arch of triumph that is building. The first plague, even though it failed to move the heart of Pharoah, contributed as much toward the emancipation of Israel from Egyptian bondage as did the tenth. They who fought and died at Valley Forge and Germantown contributed as much toward the establishment of our independence as they who forced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Washing-

ton suffered more defeats than he won victories, and the first battle in which Frederick the Great engaged resulted in a rout. Each of these failures was but a preparatory step toward signal triumph in the end. The greater the cause the greater the initial failures. Years, sometimes centuries, must pass before mankind can garner in joy what was first sown in tears.

There are times when it is easier to be deemed a wise and prudent man than to train for the title of fool or madman. Anyone can plod along the beaten tracks, but it takes courage to venture upon hewing out newer and better roads, and thereby bring down upon oneself the sneers and hatreds of them who are quite contented with the old.

"Fool," "Crank," "Madman," were probably the first titles bestowed on reformers, and the chances are they will remain the last. I have no doubt that such were the epithets that followed Abraham when he left his home and family and idolatrous fatherland to promulgate his conception of one, invisible God. "Fool," "Madman," were probably the taunts that greeted Moses when he resolved to forego the advantages of the Egyptian Court and cast his lot with his enslaved people. These were the epithets, no doubt, that were hurled upon Elijah, when he dared to defy mighty King Ahab and his wicked Jezebel. And what else than Fool or Madman or dangerous Disturber of the Peace was the noble Rabbi of Nazareth deemed when he set out from Galilee in the hope of delivering Israel from the hand of the cruel Roman? In my library at home there is a picture which I cherish beyond many another. It represents Columbus before the learned faculty of the University of Salamanca. On the floor in front of him lie unrolled a number of maps and scrolls. Out of the door are passing the learned savants, who had graciously condescended to grant him an audience, some of them turning their faces haughtily from him, others sneering and laughing at him, one of them tapping with his finger his own forehead, to indicate to his colleague his conclusion that they had wasted their precious time on a crank. I have no doubt but that the people who watched the "Mayflower" sailing forth on its perilous voyage across an unknown ocean to an unknown world, shook their heads and said to one another: "Fools and Madmen! Why could they not be sastisfied with existing conditions as we are? Why forsake all, and risk all, for a phantom of civil and religious liberty?"

Henry Ford and his party are but swelling the ranks of "Fools" and "Madmen," but they are in good company. Would to God we had more of their sort of foolishness than that wisdom that prides itself on its conservatism, on letting things alone, on not attempting to remedy evils which greater and wiser men leave uncorrected!

The Peace Apostles on the "Oscar II" display a courage greater than that displayed by many a soldier at the front. It is, at times, easier to face bullets than shafts of ridicule. I honor these lovers of peace because, cherishing ideals, they are ready to make sacrifices for them. I honor their leader because, having money, he has the courage of spending it in the highest interests of humanity. He may not have the sagacity of the trained statesman, nor the cunning of the shrewd diplomat, but he evinces the courage of the true hero in going forth on a mission doomed to fail, but likely to pave the way for other men's success. Even for his failure the world will owe him a debt of gratitude.

Well may we echo the thought expressed in the beautiful lines of the poem, written by Curtis H. Page, entitled:

"FOOLS RUSH IN. . . ."

"There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing to those, who dare, rush in, and die,
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles, and who think
True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry:
'The Fools, the Fools, the Fools!' God bless the Fools!"

Education

"A snake which is unable to change its skin will perish," says Nietzsche.

The capacity to change one's opinions as new light comes is the sign of a healthy, of an educated man.

Education is a posture of the intellect and the imagination, not an attainment.

He is educated who has acquired the power of a real delight in art, and the beautiful in life and nature, who possesses a real interest in all knowledge that has won its way to general approbation, and who has an understanding and appreciation of those ideas which have passed their probation and are *now* accepted as true, at least for today.

This man may be a mechanic, a wage-earner, a farmer, but he has what the Germans call *kultur,* or education. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

"IN THE EVENING, IT WAS LIGHT."

Daylight brought but dire disaster,
To our troops in fine array;
Death stalks down the field, the master,
At the closing of the day.
Bright the evening star is peeping
On the prostrate forms below,
Who the emerald sward are steeping
With their life-blood's ebbing flow.

Speak no more of "fields of glory,"
They present a saddened view,
Strewn with wreckage, trampled, gory,
Drenched in drops of crimson dew,
Trailed in dust our flag that floated,
Low our standard bearer lies,
While the bugle, silver-throated,
Dented, bids not death arise!

Night, now like a kindly mother,
Hides from view the lamp of day;
And, for some, perhaps no other
Will reveal its kindling ray;
For about are moans of anguish
From the lips of speechless pain,
Where my countless comrades languish
On the cold, blood-sodden plain.

When remembrance slips her tether,
Back among the past to stray,
Weep not, though no more together
We shall walk the well-known way.
Let these words of comfort cheer you,
Said by one who fought the fight,
They will bring my spirit near you,
"In the evening, it was light."

NOTE.—This poem was found on one of the European battlefields, and is supposed to have been written by an Englishman. It has been widely copied by the press.

THE PULPIT

A Series of Seven Sermons—Studies of Shakespearian Women

I.

The Woman's Question as Presented by Shakespeare

By Alex. Webster

"Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation?"

The question put to Brutus by Portia is now being put by woman to man generally, and she is determined on a profound and sincere answer. Shakespeare sets Portia of Rome before us as a type of the assertive woman. She desires to be a real helpmeet and therefore seeks the freedom and fullness of her womanhood.

The age of Shakespeare was one of released vigor. The womanly power especially was stirring for liberty and development. The stir appears in his dramas as an eruption with which he is in sympathy. In view of it he delights to present the unconstrained woman who acts unconventionally, with originality and a spice of revolt.

He shows the new feminine potency in emancipatory and aggressive form. In place of figures veiled and cloaked, inured in the harem and tied to home, bound to be dumb and passive, impractical and hinderful, he presents free, educated, vigorous women, noble in their liberty, capable in their circumstances and charming in their readiness. With Shakespeare we are still in the feudalistic period, but instead of the mailed chivalry which fought for woman and won her by sword battle, characteristic of the fiercer stage of that period, we have a growing intellectual appreciation of woman and a respect for her practical power shown in the mirroring dramas.

He saw that the woman of the old time was "trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog," for the man of that time was a professed tyrant to the other sex, and thereby perceived that it was necessary for the new woman to be "possessed of a fury," while she exceeded her predecessor in beauty.

His women are alert, versatile, stimulating. Beatrice speaks for the type when she declares she will not be "overmastered with a piece of valiant dust, to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl." She will have leave and room for spiritual expansion. The ideal woman presented by Shakespeare is, like Imogen, "chaffless." He lays it down as a principle that

"A lady's verity is as potent as a lord's."

His constant prayer regarding woman is:

"The heavens hold firm
The wall of thy dear honor, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind."

In the thick of political life Shakespeare places his capable women, with splendid brain power and high ethical wisdom.

Perhaps the finest passage in his dramas is that in which the Roman Portia pleads with her distraught husband to be admitted to his political confidence. With winsome majesty and tender solicitude she urges:

"Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy."

Her compassion is resistless:

"Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife."

That sounds like the long repressed cry of the wistful soul of woman! The cry is not for the home only, but even more for the state. Brutus knew well that Portia had "a man's mind" with "a woman's might," and was indeed a "true and honourable wife," and he was constrained by her sympathetic influence:

"Portia, go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactry of my sad brows."

That was not weak yielding, but an acknowledgment of strength and lofty diplomacy.

Brutus could say of Portia what Antony said of Cleopatra:

"Thou art the armourer of my heart."

With more than the courtesy of Henry VIII he could raise his wife to his tribune as a comrade.

"Arise, and take thy place by us. Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it."

Emerson said, "Civilization is the power of good women." So thought Shakespeare. In one of his tragedies (Hamlet) he lets us see that things are inveterately wrong and helplessly incurable because there is no capable woman near, who by virtue and sagacity can make moral solvency. In *Lear* we see also how, amongst evil persons and desperate circumstances, the only thing in which there is redress and comfort is the fidelity of a good woman.

There is in Queen Katharine's reprobation of Wolsey a very striking example of the courage of a woman's goodness when it turns indignantly. In his person she recognized the oppressive power of the Church exercised persistently against woman. The sacerdotal might has been the "enemy," the most malicious foe" of the woman seeking freedom and development, and though it stands as the viceregent of God, she protests against its judgment and abhors its corrupt pride. The outflash is significant and the Church that is may well notice it.

No dramatist ever apprehended more deeply than Shakespeare that "complete womanhood depends on the coexistence of many factors." His women are large and rich in character. The oriental woman was undeveloped, a semi-woman, held in, reduced to mere reproduction or kept for the satisfaction of lordly lust. Her analogue is found in the queen bee, of which Dr. Saleeby speaks thus: "The ancients supposed that the queen bee was indeed the queen and ruler of the hive. Here, they thought, was the organizing genius, the foresight, the exquisite skill in little things and great, upon which the welfare of the hive and the future of the race depend. But, in point of fact, the queen bee is a fool. Her brain and mind are of the humblest

order. She never organizes anything and does not even rule herself, but does what she is told. She is certainly specialized for motherhood, but the thinking and determination of the conditions of her motherhood are in the hands of other females, also highly specialized, and the least selfish of living things—yet themselves sterile, incapable of motherhood."

The new woman of Shakespeare resembles the worker bee. "She is distinguished primarily by the rare and high development of her nervous apparatus." Portia, Beatrice, Katharine, in view of the old idea of queen bee motherliness, is "my Lady Disdain." She measures herself for more than reproduction. She has a desire for independence and flaunts the ordinary amorous wooer. She is careless whether she gets a husband or not, and says:

"He that is less than a man, I am not for him."

But when she is aware of a man, she desires to complement his manhood with a womanhood as worthy.

The superstition that the political woman is unsexed, spoiled for the home and the love side of life is utterly dissolved by Shakespeare. In the example of Volumnia and Virgilia (to mention no other) we have a natural combination of home craft and state craft. We find them as manifest housekeepers, yet intelligently interested in state affairs. Volumnia stands as a noble illustration of the moral influence of woman in politics. She is a mother, but her joy is that her son has proved "a man." She follows with wise motherly anxiety the course of Coriolanus and rejoices in his activity while she trembles for his audacity. She would temper his prowess, yet encourage it. She declares: "I had rather had eleven sons die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." She desires that Coriolanus will put his power "well on" before he wears it out. When in his hot revenge he would turn against his country, she opposes the unpatriotic purpose. She chides him mightily:

"You are too absolute,
Though therein you cannot be too noble
But when extremities speak."

She would abate his contempt for the people and evoke just consideration for them. Above all, she stands for peace:

"I have heard you say
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends
I' the war do grow together; grant that and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose
That they combine not there."

She holds up the standard of

"Companionship in peace
With honour."

Coriolanus is exasperated and obdurate, but yields at length to her entreaty. Very powerful is the scene in which Volumnia, Virgilia and young Martius come to the haughty warrior's tent, and his mother, as the mouthpiece, says:

"Should we be silent and not speak our raiment
And state of bodies would betray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither, since that thy sight, which should
Make our hearts flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow."
Making the mother, wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out."

It is the woman's and mother's part to put the humane view and plead for peaceful and ascending life. The mother's right, as the bearer and nurse of life, entitles her to protest against the destruction of it, and to move for its protection and evolution.

The noblest thing in all the conduct of Coriolanus is his yielding to the pleading of his mother.

"O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome."

It was a victory for womanhood, and well does the uplifted warrior say to mother and wife:

"Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you, all the swords
In Italy and her confederate arms
Could not have made this peace."

Although Shakespeare makes Don John (*Much Ado About Nothing*) skeptical of applying "a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief," he shows how it can be done highly by woman's hands. He makes the Belmont Portia do it very effectively in the Venetian dilemma. In *The Merchant of Venice* he sets Portia over against the Jew (and the other men also) to confute the Oriental conception of woman, and redeem the sex by intellectual ability and heart power from the serfdom and dishonor into which Eastern prejudice and sensualism had placed her.

In that drama woman is splendidly avenged on her masters. Not alone in the person of the Jew (who would have his daughter keep house), but of all the Christians, is the masculine mastership shown. It has brought trade to a deadlock and made the civil power inept. The law is paralyzed. The men of the drama are traders in women as they are in spices and silks, They gamble for women and choose wives by lot, while not one of them is worthy of the test.

Portia vindicated the capability and worth of woman, not only against Jewish usuriousness, but against Christian gambling, and sent both away in shame.

In that charming comedy, with its sordid grip on life, we discern more than Antonio delivered, for in the person of Portia we have a freed womanhood, wise, efficient and lovely to a degree far beyond the dream of ancient and mediæval man. It is not the material property of Antonio that is saved, but his soul. The whole manhood of the drama is enlightened and elevated by Portia's attitude and motive. Not to the Jew alone did she address her plea for bloodless justice. The merchandise of the age was regardless of the essentials of life. It was motived by selfishness and carried on immorally. In the reproof there was as much for Antonio as for Shylock, and for Bassanio himself there was correction.

It is the same with the woman's influence in all Shakespeare's dramas. It raises the standard of manhood. The kind of man it requires is:

"Of a noble strain of approved valour and confirmed honesty."

He must be "worth any woman." It brings forth from the man the prayer:

"O ye gods
Make me worthy of this noble wife."

Reverting to Portia, we find her as an admirable example of "the readiness" which is Shakespeare's chief desideratum. She illustrates the necessity for a woman on the spot. The woman is the more likely to have the inspiration befitting the emergency. Her ethical intuition is indispensable. No judgment is complete without it. No proper settlement can be

effected but by its means. Portia is an example of a finely proportioned nature, one in which "intellect and emotions play into one another with exquisite swiftness, brightness and vital warmth."" Her mental alertness matches her affectional activity. She is vital all over, and "can bring all her wits at a moment's notice into play; every faculty is instinct with a single and invisible energy."

It is evident that by introducing Portia as he did in the Court of Justice, Shakespeare meant to affirm the necessity for having the woman's view introduced into law. By the act he virtually says: The judgment of woman is needed along with man's; her influence should accompany his in the administration of affairs, and her solution of difficulties should have equal weight with his.'

Indeed, on the ethical side, Shakespeare preferred the judgment of the woman. He thought it was more direct, sympathetic and radical.

There is in the woman's soul, by its special constitution and experience, a moral consciousness which is ready and trusty. The motherhood in it, consisting of compassionate sensations and spiritual emotions compacted through generations of aspiring and struggling, entitles it to an honored share of the throne. Without the woman's influence, politics and economics (all human affairs whatever) must be unjust and mischievous. The prophetic preference of the woman's soul by Shakespeare may well give us faith in its onleading.

In closing, reference must be made to the younger females, girlish figures, introduced by Shakespeare in his later plays, for in them we discern the direction of woman's social development and the point of his prophecy of ultimate suffrage. The most notable of them are Perdita and Miranda. They are country bred and rich in the health and beauty drawn from nature's purest air.

We are shown Perdita at sixteen in a shepherd's cot. She has "grown in grace equal with wan'dring" and is of "a most rare note." She is fittingly arrayed as *Flora* for a hospitable occasion, and blushingly undertakes the duties of hostess. Her managing tact and purity are manifested in her instruction regarding the singing peddler who asks admittance. "Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes." There is reform and the prospect of chaste utterance in her caution. She moves with a self-possession and radiant air and proves herself equal to the trying occasion. We perceive that she has the promise and potency of the finest womanhood. With her we may place Miranda, also reared among "hills, brooks, lakes and groves," "perfect," "peerless," "created of every creatures best," ready for loving and efficient union with the man she admired at sight.

In *"The Tempest"* we have the vision of a commonwealth wherein is "no sweat nor sword, and yet abundance for an innocent people," a state to "excel the golden age." For that Shakespeare set his outlooking maidens.

To support and fulfil the prophecy of the poet we have the word of the scientist: "There is no real reason to suppose that woman is less complex or less variable than man. She has the same title as he to those conditions in which her particular characters shall find their complete development, whatever they be. It has been so in the past and always must be a piece of gross presumption on man's part to say to woman: "Thus shalt thou be and no other." Whom nature has made different, man has no business to make or even desire similar. She wants all the power of the individuals of either sex."

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And, sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

And then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Tho' as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

—*Robert Frost, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

Let the People Sing

One of the deplorable lacks in the church worship of modern congregations is that of congregational singing. In many city churches the choir has monopolized the function of song and the people have a chance to sing only one or two hymns in the service. These they sing indifferently because they cannot get into the spirit of congregational singing in a service organized as such services are.

We believe the value of the typical quartette choir is greatly exaggerated in the minds of ministers and church officers. Its contribution to the worship is exceedingly dubious and a pretty strong case can be made against its attraction as entertainment.

The choir, as a leader of the congregation, is a desirable and useful device, but it robs God of the praise due him when it takes the hymns out of the mouths of the people.

And it robs the people of one of the most natural joys and inspirations of divine worship.

Our present generation is growing up with a pagan ignorance of the great hymns of the Christian faith. But how can they be expected to learn them when only two hymns are sung at a service?

It is futile to exhort pastors on the point of educating their congregations to know and enjoy the treasures of the hymn-book, because to nine-tenths of the pastors themselves the hymnal is an unexplored continent.

The people will learn to sing if the ministers learn to make a proper place for congregational praise, and then fill that place with noble hymns.

The Christian Century.

There are two arguments against teaching our children Greek: One, that it is too hard; the other, that it is useless. No person who could be influenced by either has the remotest conception of the meaning or the value of culture.

Katherine Fullerton Gerould.

Henri Fabre

This really great entomologist passed away recently at the ripe old age of ninety-two years. Fabre had studied his subject since his fifth year, and gave to the world many masterful works. Yet he lived in obscurity until about twelve years ago. It was Maeterlinck who then brought him into notice through his essay on "The Insects' Homer." It was Fabre who inspired Maeterlinck to write "The Life of the Bee." In this work Maeterlinck refers to Swammerdam as the founder of "the true method of scientific investigation." And this reminds us of Swedenborg's extensive use of Swammerdam's work. Swammerdam was doubtless an inspiration to Fabre also. But Fabre has greatly added to our knowledge of the wonders of the insect world.

Fabre lived with the insects, and endeavored to awaken a new interest in the teeming life surrounding all on every hand. "If I write," he said, "for men of learning who will one day try to unravel the problem of the insect mind, I write also, I write above all, for the youthful. I want to make them love the natural history that others make them hate."

Fabre's works are primarily scientific, intended simply to teach the truth—the facts of insect life—and incidentally suggest a working hypothesis to account for the proximate cause or furnish an answer to the many problems of environment, anatomy, and origin of species. He loveth truth for truth's sake. "He saw in knowledge not merely a means of gaining his bread, but something nobler: the means of raising the spirit in the contemplation of the truth, of isolating it at will from the miseries of reality, so to find, in these intellectual regions, the only hours of happiness that we may be permitted to taste."

His life was full of trials. He saw the discords in nature also. Yet he lived always with his eyes upon some secret of the marvels of God, whom he saw in every bush, in every tree, "although He is veiled from our imperfect senses"; the vilest insect revealed to him, in its least actions, "a fragment of this universal Intelligence."

His biographer, Dr. Legros, says that as Fabre "always set the pleasures of study before all others, he can imagine no greater recompense after death than to obtain from heaven permission still to continue in their midst, during eternity, his life of labor and effort." Surely the work of this simple, pure-hearted spirit must be of permanent value.

—*New Church Messenger.*

The Menace of Local Option

What per cent of the people of the United States do not consider the use of alcoholic drinks a menace? Is this not a national question, and should it not be dealt with as such?

The inadequacy of state legislation, and, worse still, local option, has long ago proved futile in controlling this monster that should be killed outright, not merely wounded, as heretofore. It has long been coaxed and cajoled, and it seems to the writer only federal control will regulate this great national evil (beast). Every living soul in our country is affected (whether they know it or not), by our present foolish liquor laws. It is truly a race question, and the unborn are often the greatest, or at least the most pitiable victims of all. I refer to the imbecile children, made so in many instances by inebriate parents.

To prove the absolute idiocy of local option, let me cite some few "frightful examples." The writer's view point is taken from a farm home, lying between two towns, one "wet' 'and one "dry." A tenant farmer with the drink habit goes at least twice a month to the more congenial town of the two, and stays two or three days at a time. During this gaiety his crippled little wife does her husband's work of milking, and feeding the cattle, while the four-months-old baby lies on the floor, as the mother said, "So he won't fall off anything." Has a man like this any right to the kind of personal freedom which makes this thing possible? Wouldn't legislation or mechanical morals be beneficial here? In this same township a man with a larger purse, but no larger vision, has a standing order for whisky and beer to be delivered weekly at his own door, and yet both these men live in a "dry district." Another example: There is a town in our good State of Illinois that has high license, and it is,—the two saloons in the village between them, paying $1,500 a year. Three farmers pay this license, and yet farming, some contend, does not pay. How easy it is for the "wets" to spill their soul-destroying stuff over us. Aren't inebriates unsafe people in any community? They run motors when they are really unfit by liquor. Science has lately explained that the effects of one drink of spirituous liquor lasts thirty hours. Aren't we making a mess of the liquor question, though?

"Personal freedom" has a fine sound, but that is all that it has, when it means the freedom to get drunk. We are not yet civilized enough to practice it. In a St. Louis weekly recently there was an article to the effect that those who opposed the use of intoxicants were those who had to clean up after the debauch. Let me say the physical cleaning up would be as nothing compared to cleaning up of the spiritual atmosphere, which cannot be made sweet by another. Many a family closet is piled high with "skeletons" of lost hopes, put there by this alcoholic monster. Who will join me in a toast (a milk toast, mind you) to "nation wide prohibition?" State prohibition has proved a failure, as also has high license, and most of all bad ordinances and "local option."

"Elinor Bly."

LITTLE OLD NEST.

Little old nest in the wind o' the world
  Why do you keep a-swinging
Lullaby-like on the leafless limb—
Have you not heard them singing
Deep in the zenith to meet the sun
Just as every old nest has done
  And yet gone on a-swinging—
There on the leafless desolate limb
Keeping the time to the lullaby hymn?—
  And they in the zenith singing.

—Harriet Lake-Burch.

LIMITATIONS.

Who can unlock the portals of yesterday,
Or bind the fugitive moments as they flee?
What art invoke the spoken word to unsay,
Or resurrect the sunset from the sea?

Shelbyville, Ind. Alonzo L. Rice.

The Parables of Safed the Sage

The Parable of the Statuary

Now I walked in the streets of a Great City, even Boston. And I met a friend who walked with me to the Public Library, and he spake thus:

Which is the greater, he who hath a book of his Own Writing on the shelves of the Public Library, or he whose Statue in Bronze is erected in a park?

And I answered not.

And he said, He whose book is read hath Greater Honor than he whose Statue is erected in the Park; for he giveth his own thoughts to men and they think them after him. Whereas, he whose statue is erected in the park may be an Orator or Chief of Police, the founder of an University or the Captain of a Football Team. Nevertheless, there be many books that men do not read. Whereas, of Monuments erected in the Park most all men take note.

And he said, Come with me and let us look on the faces of some of these Great Men in Bronze.

And I walked abroad with him. And he said:

Here in the Public Garden is the Newest Statue in Boston, and it is of Wendell Phillipps, friend of the Black Man. And nigh unto it is another of William Ellery Channing, who pleaded the Cause of the Slave. And not far away is William Lloyd Garrison, who would not Compromise, and would not Equivocate, and would not be Silent, and Would be Heard. And he, too, was the friend of the Black Man. Behold, how Boston honoreth these men, and all of them were friends of the Slave. And now all men behold their faces, and are inspired by their ideals. While as for books, how many there be in the Public Library which no man readeth. Wherefore, let me erect the Statues of a city and I care not who may write her Books, and I pressed him and said, Let us go farther, for I am interested.

And hard by the Common he showed me the Statue of Abraham Lincoln, liberating the Black Man. And on the one side of the Common he showed me where St. Gaudens had wrought in living bronze Robert Gould Shaw on horseback, leading his Regiment of black troops. Yea, he led me across the Common to the Monument in Memory of the Heroes of the Boston Massacre, and at the top of the Monument was the name of Crispus Attucks, and he was a Black Man.

And while we gazed thereon there came to us another friend, and he said:

Lo, I have Three Dollars that I long to blow in. Come with me and see The Birth of a Nation.

And the place was hard by, even over against the Monument of the Black Man, Crispus Attucks.

And we entered, and the lights were turned off, and behold there appeared Pictures on the Screen. And from the Pictures I learned how little Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison knew. Yea, I here learned that the real Saviours of the Nation were the Ku-Klux-Klan, who rode about in the Night with Masks and other Disguises, and who whipped Women and Shot Men.

And I said in my haste, All Historians are Liars. Let me make the movies for a city and I care not who may erect the statutes.

For I had listened, and the music which the people applauded was Dixie, and the people whom they cheered were the Ku-Klux-Klan.

But I remembered the word of the Lord by his Prophet, Behold, Pharoah, King of Egypt, is a Big Noise. For many of the prophets lighted up their messages with slang.

Yea, and I have seen the Mummy of Pharoah in a Museum, and have stubbed my toe over broken images of his greatness in the land where he Ruled.

And I reflected that after the film hath gone up in smoke, Philips and Channing and Shaw and Garrison and Lincoln still will be there.

—*From the Advance.*

THE PARADOX OF TIME.

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
Alas! Time stays; we go;
Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,
For youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

Ours is the eye's deceit
Or men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee:—
Alas! Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow.
Now in the self-same stage
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song
To praise your "rose" and "snow;"
My bird that sang is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas! Time stays—we go!

See in what traversed ways,
What backward Fate delays
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires?
Ah, where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

How far, how far, Oh, Sweet,
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way
Let us fold hands and pray;
Alas! Time stays—we go!

Illinois Farmer. —*Auston Dobson.*

NOON SONG.

(*From the Chinese.*)

The chattering magpie on the tree
Is drowsily at rest,
The lotus-flower has sunk to sleep
Upon the dark pool's breast,
The dragon-fly upon the wing
Has stayed awhile to hear me sing.
Sleep, little Blossom of my heart.
My baby, sleep.

The cries are quiet in the street,
The sunny air is still,
All living things are hushed to sleep,
Save only on the hill
With weary feet the pilgrims climb;
It is the pleasant slumber-time.
Sleep, little Blossom of my heart.
My baby, sleep.

—*Elizabeth Rendall, in the English Review.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

In accordance with the by-laws of All Souls Church, Chicago, the Annual meeting was called for the second Thursday in January.

Mr. A. L. Penhallow acted as chairman, representing the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

There being no quorum present, a motion prevailed to adjourn subject to the call of the Secretary.

This postponement was taken so that the Pastor, Mr. Jones, might be present at the annual dinner and meeting, which will be duly announced.

The officers of the church announce that Mr. Louis B. Fisher, Dean of the Ryder Divinity School, University of Chicago, has been delighting small but enthusiastic congregations on the last four Sundays at All Souls Church and will continue preaching there on the Sundays until Mr. Jones resumes the pulpit.

The Tuesday morning and Friday evening classes in the Study of Religion at All Souls also make the happy announcement that they have succeeded in arranging with Mr. Fisher to take charge of these classes until Mr. Jones' return.

The subjects to be treated are as follows:

January 18—"The Crusades."
sades."

January 25—Dante.

Friends are invited to take advantage of this very desirable opportunity.

THE ARYA SAMAJ OF INDIA.

From far-off Lahore, India, comes an interesting reminder of the great distance to which even little UNITY throws its light

In a mid-season number of UNITY last summer appeared a scholarly article dealing with the work in India of the Arya Samaj and its founder, Swami Dayanand, written by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland of New York City. Now comes back across the seas from Lahore the *Vedic Magazine*, evidently the organ of that movement, containing an editorial article which opens with these words:

"Another of the many reviews of Lala Lajpat Rai's work comes from Chicago, America. It is published in UNITY for August 19, and is authored by J. T. Sunderland, D. D., who must have made a sympathetic study of the movement in India, in the capacity of an American Christian missionary. After a short notice of the movements in the country that make for awakening, the writer goes on to give reasons why the Arya Samaj has so long been unknown in America."

This is followed by copious quotations from Mr. Sunderland's article interspersed with comments of appreciation. In reference to almost all the points covered by the Doctor, including the educational work of the Samaj, as well as its social reform activities and political attitude, the reviewer says:

"The remarks of the reverend gentleman are very accurate and display a keen and sympathetic study rarely to be met with in the criticisms of the Samaj by the Christian missionaries in India."

A. L. K.

HATS OFF TO THE ILOILO CHIEF.

The following announcement from the Chief of Police of Iloilo is quoted from the Iloilo *Enterprise Press*, Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, and is heartily endorsed by the *Herald* of Mindanao:

"Notice is hereby given to all owners and drivers of public-carromata horses in this city that hereafter cruelty to animals will not be tolerated by this department.

In order to keep abreast with the times, and to demonstrate to the world that we are rapidly approaching that state of civilization which Congress exacts of us before self-government can be granted, we must protect our dumb creatures from the brutality of those who have no conception of the ordinances of simple humanity. Horses and vacas must not be beaten unnecessarily. The common spectacle on our streets of these animals being driven when suffering from wounds inflicted by brutal drivers, or from sickness or feebleness occasioned by a lack of nourishment and long painful hours of service, 'will not be tolerated further.' Checkreins must be taken down when any horse is not traveling. This applies to Americans as well as to others. In fact this department knows no favorites in the strict enforcement of its duties. Please observe this carefully."

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LIBRARY BULLETINS.

A prospective series of important articles is announced by the *Wisconsin Library Bulletin.* Believing that a lively interest in American public libraries exists throughout the library profession, together with a very prevalent ignorance on the same subject, the editors of the *Bulletin* are planning a succession of ten papers from experts, to be published in its columns during the present year, dealing with leading American libraries. First, Mr. Walter M. Smith, librarian at Wisconsin University,, is to enrich the January number with an account of Wisconsin libraries, including the activities of the library commission, the university library, the historical library, the college, the normal school, and public library, as they are today performing their several functions in that State. Chicago libraries will next be handled by Miss Louise B. Krause and Miss Renée Stern, after which will come an article on Greater New York libraries by Miss Josephine A. Rathbone. The Author of "The American Public Library," Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, St. Louis's well known librarian, has promised to write about "American Public Libraries which We Should Know." After this series it is hoped to offer a second on the more important libraries of other countries.

The Dial.

FROM DISTANT HILLS.

I do not know what life would be
Without the songs that come to me
  Across the far blue hills,
Where souls are making holiday
Or Pippa passing on her way
  Her cup of pleasure spills
And in the sunshine of the skies
I catch the gladness of their eyes
  Upon the distant hills.

—HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

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1240 Belmont Ave., Lake View 3456
936 North Branch St., Superior 6117
Foot of So. Water St., Randolph 2125
1100 N. Halsted St., Dock, Superior 300

NORTHWEST SIDE

1733 N. Kildare Ave., Belmont 7657
1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

Location and phone Number—

2915 N. California Ave., Monticello 2613
4553 Armitage Ave., Belmont 6839
1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
3801 Milwaukee Ave., Irving 22

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342 N. Oakley Ave. West 443
Wood St. and Carroll Ave. West 246
2512 West Fulton St. West 1223
Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Blue Island Ave. and Wood St., Canal 1515
18th and Sangamon Sts. Canal 1737
18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

Location and phone number—

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71st St. and S. Chicago Ave. Stewart 4567
1311 State St. [team track] Calumet 917
26th St. and So. Park Ave. Calumet 3799
61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
34th St. and Racine Ave. Yards 890
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